Fayth infringed, which such zeale did sweare.
How will he scorne, how will he spende his wit?
How will he triumph, leape, and laugh at it?
For all the wealth that euer I did see,
I would not haue him know so much by mee.
Bero. Now step I foorth to whip hipocrisie.
Ah good my Leidge, I pray thee pardon mee.
Good hart, What grace hast thou thus to reproue
These Wormes for louing, that art most in loue?
Your eyes do make no couches in your teares.
There is no certaine Princesse that appeares.
Youle not be periurde, tis a hatefull thing:
Tush, none but Minstrels like of Sonnetting.
But are you not a shamed? nay, are you not
All three of you, to be thus much ore'shot?
You found his Moth, the King your Moth did see:
But I a Beame do finde in each of three.
O what a Scæne of foolrie haue I seene,
Of sighes, of grones, of sorrow, and of teene?
O mee, with what strickt patience haue I sat,
To see a King transformed to a Gnat.
To see great *Hercules* whipping a Gigge,
And profound *Sallomon* to tune a Iigge.
And *Nestor* play at push-pin with the boyes,
And *Crittick Tymon* laugh at idle toyes.
Where lies thy griefe, o tell me good *Dumaine*?
And gentle *Longauill*, where lies thy paine?
And where my Liedges? all about the breast.
A Caudle hoa!
King. Too bitter is thy iest.
Are we betrayed thus to thy ouer-view?
Ber. Not you by mee, but I betrayed to you.
I that am honest, I that holde it sinne
To breake the vow I am ingaged in.
I am betrayed by keeping companie
With men like men of inconstancie.
When shall you see mee write a thing in rime?
Or grone for Ione? or spende a minutes time,

In pleasing mee when shall you heare th
hand, a foote, a face, an eye: a gate, a st
a waste, a legge, a limme.
King. Soft, Whither away so fast?
A true man, or a theefe, that gallops so.
Ber. I post from Loue, good Louer let
Iaqu. God blesse the King. *Enter Iaq*
King. What present hast thou there?
Clow. Some certaine treason.
King. What makes treason heere?
Clow. Nay it makes nothing sir.
King. Yf it marr nothing neither,
The treason and you goe in peace away t
Iaque. I beseech your Grace let this Le
Our person misdoubts it: twas treason he
King. *Berowne* reade it ouer. *Her*
King. Where hadst thou it?
Iaqu. Of *Costard*.
King. Where hadst thou it?
Cost. Of *Don Adramadio, Don Adr*
Kin. How now, What is in you? Why c
Ber. A toy my Leedge, a toy: your grac
Long. It did moue him to passion, & th
Dum. It is *Berownes* writing, and heere
Berow. Ah you whoreson loggerhead,
do me shame.
Guiltie my Lord, guiltie: I confesse, I co
King. What?
Ber. That you three fooles, lackt me fo
Hee, hee, and you: and you my Leege, a
Are pick-purses in Loue, and we deseru
O dismisse this audience, and I shall tel
Duma. Now the number is euen.
Bero. True true, we are fower: will t
King. Hence sirs, away.
Clow. Walke aside the true folke, and
Ber. Sweete Lords, sweete Louers, O
As true we are as flesh and blood can be,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22294) LONDON, 1598 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.l.14)